

Alien Dinosaur: Aris and Tharix

Fay Serena

Fay Serena

Copyright © 2024 Fay Serena.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author or the publisher., except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Under no circumstances will any blame or legal responsibility be held against the publisher, or author, for any damages, reparation, or monetary loss due to the information contained within this book, either directly or indirectly.

Disclaimer:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

By reading this document, the reader agrees that under no circumstances is the author responsible for any losses, direct or indirect, that are incurred as a result of the use of the information contained within this document, including, but not limited to, errors, omissions, or inaccuracies.

Chapter One

"Finally heading home." The young soldier sets down his laser rifle and stretches, his yellow protective gear gleaming under the starship's lights. Through the viewscreen, he gazes at the cosmos while absently scratching his ear with his hind leg.

Yes, his *hind* leg.

It's a sight that would stop any Earth resident in their tracks: inside one of the most advanced battleships in the universe, wearing color-adaptive high-density alloy combat armor, stands a dinosaur casually scratching first his ear, then his belly, with prehistoric nonchalance.

The soldier beside him? Also a dinosaur.

In fact, a closer inspection reveals that everyone aboard this vessel is a dinosaur. The scientists in white coats hurrying through the corridors, the administrative staff clutching datapads, the armed guards maintaining their posts—all dinosaurs. Even the ship itself is built to dinosaur scale.

While humans might consider their bipedal form the standard for advanced civilizations, somewhere in the vast expanse of space, a different evolutionary path led to success. The Megas Star System Alliance stands as testament to this alternative outcome.

Long before Earth's first microorganisms appeared, life emerged in the Megas system. Like Earth, diverse species competed for survival across continents and oceans. Unlike

Earth, where dinosaurs faced extinction, the Megas system's prehistoric giants adapted, evolved, and ultimately achieved technological supremacy.

Their civilization's development paralleled Earth's in many ways, though far more advanced. Each culture maintains its unique characteristics, and the Megas system is no exception. But those details can wait—for now, it's enough to know that these well-armed, well-trained soldiers represent the Megas Alliance's finest.

Just as Earth's nations form coalitions for common goals, the Megas system participates in interstellar alliances. Their scope extends far beyond anything currently possible for Earth's nascent space programs.

Three local months ago, these dinosaur warriors deployed to defend the Nerithos Republic, a confederation of thirteen western star systems that serves as the Alliance's primary meat supplier. For their protein resources (and perhaps their pride), these soldiers answered the call to arms without hesitation.

Their natural physical advantages should have made them unstoppable. Instead, they encountered something that gave even these mighty warriors pause.

"Never thought we'd face creatures like that," Soldier A laments, examining the bite mark on his chest. "The stories didn't do them justice."

"At least yours isn't on your face!" Soldier B carefully holds up a tiny mirror—clearly designed for humanoid use—

between his claws. "What kind of monsters have teeth that sharp?"

"Any recommendations for a good cosmetic surgeon?" B whines. "Unlike you married folks, I'm still looking for a mate. These days, potential partners prefer unblemished scales. Battle scars aren't the status symbol they used to be."

"Oh, don't start," A grumbles, craning his neck to inspect his wound. "At least yours won't cause domestic drama. My mate's going to take one look at this bite mark and jump to conclusions."

From the corner, a younger soldier observes the exchange thoughtfully. "Seems like life's complicated whether you're single or married," he muses, then adds quietly, "Though maybe marriage is safer..."

Note: This world features dinosaurs who can engage in same-sex partnerships and reproduction

"Marriage has its perks," Soldier A muses, absently rubbing his old battle scar. "If I had chosen to be someone's wife back then, I probably wouldn't have ended up on the battlefield or gotten injured. Why was I so worried about taking a wife instead?"

His wistful tone catches his colleagues' attention, particularly the unmarried ones who find the world of matrimony endlessly fascinating.

"But you were quite the catch!" one of them exclaims. "Handsome, financially stable - weren't you practically swimming in suitors? There was even that high-ranking

Fay Serena

military officer interested in you. Someone with such promising career prospects! Why turn that down for taking a wife? Was your spouse that irresistible? Or was it just... exceptional compatibility?"

Soldier A shivers slightly, as if struck by a sudden memory. After carefully glancing around the room, he leans in and whispers, "You'll never believe who that officer was..."

"Who?" The other dinosaurs lean forward eagerly.

"General Valdran." The name falls like a stone into still water.

"General? Not just an officer? Heaven above, I would have accepted that proposal in a heartbeat! A gorgeous military commander..." Soldier B swoons dramatically. Their species' unique evolution allows all of them - regardless of gender - to experience such romantic flights of fancy.

The younger, unmated dinosaurs, still clear-headed as they're not near their mating cycle, catch the significance of the name.

"Valdran..." The name hangs in the air, and a heavy silence descends over the group.

They collectively place sympathetic claws on Soldier A's shoulders, their eyes filled with understanding.

Meanwhile, in the surveillance room, Senior Instructor Kavora sprays his mouthful of Fangbrew — one of the Megas system's cheaper spirits. Despite its low price, its high alcohol concentration renders it too potent for most other species to

consume. However, it's a particular favorite among the dinosaur soldiers, who seem to thrive on its intense kick.

"Incredible! Our commander actually went matchmaking?" Kavora's expression of shock would be terrifying to anyone not accustomed to dinosaur facial features. "I always thought someone like him would remain eternally single!"

"I heard he's actually a premium member of the largest matchmaking club in the system," Senior Instructor Xalora adds from his monitoring station. "Remember Rey, who resigned last month? Word is he panicked when he saw the commander was next in line as his potential match. He rushed into marriage just to avoid it."

"Poor soul," Kavora wipes his mouth. "I'll bet a crate of Fangbrew our commander's still single."

"Make it two crates," Xalora scratches his neck scales. "He's definitely still unattached."

They exchange knowing looks before shrugging simultaneously. Some bets just aren't worth making.

In the command deck, the infamous perpetually-single General Aris Valdran studies a data crystal with intense focus. His aide clutches urgent documents nearby, trembling slightly despite knowing the General isn't truly frightening. In fact, Valdran cuts quite the striking figure - with brilliant red hair,

immaculate uniform, and a penchant for cologne. His official portraits alone have inspired more than a few inappropriate thoughts.

But that's only in photographs.

In person, something about the General inspires instinctive unease. Though no one knows his true dinosaur form - he's never transformed publicly - his presence carries an overwhelming aura. His blood-red eyes and the inexplicable pressure he exudes make others unconsciously step back.

As a side note, his chosen cologne - brand unknown - could probably knock out a full-grown dinosaur.

The General remains an enigma wrapped in legend. Not only has he never revealed his true form, but he also never dines in the military mess hall. However, residents of the frontier planet have spotted him slipping alone into the untamed Phaerion Gorge late at night, returning only at dawn.

The common theory? That's when he hunts for food.

After all, the Phaerion Gorge is one of the most pristinely savage places left in existence.

That place is strictly regulated - military training exercises there require careful organization and full-form teams. The place teems with apex predators of unknown numbers. In their world without life insurance, even military personnel occasionally become prey, their disappearances marking grim statistics.

Yet Aris strolls through this death trap nightly without a care. His strength must be truly formidable.

Alien Dinosaur: Aris and Tharix

The mysterious identity, keen intellect, blood-red eyes, and commanding presence - piece by piece, his reputation as a fearsome warrior grows.

After contemplating silently, Aris turns to his screen and enters a URL from the paper in his hand. He meticulously fills out the required profile:

Name: Aris Valdran

Gender: Male

Age: Classified ~

Marital Status: Single

Occupation: Military Personnel (Note: Willing to retire per partner's request)

Annual Income: xxxxxx

Interests: Enjoys potatoes and pumpkins (Phaerion Gorge specialties), favors roses as symbols of love (matching his cologne), and finds peace in moonlit forest walks and gardening (unauthorized potato farming in Phaerion Gorge)

Self-Description: Dignified, generous, somewhat shy.

Ideal Partner: --

At this field, General Valdran's expression wavers suspiciously, making his already trembling aide shake even harder.

Closing his eyes in careful consideration, Aris solemnly types: "A sweet love with red hair, a cute short tail, and pearly white teeth."

After multiple reviews and imagining public reactions to this remarkably gentle self-introduction, Aris clicks submit.

He accesses his bank account, transfers the required fee, and within five minutes receives confirmation of his successful registration.

This marks General Aris Valdran's thirty-seventh membership renewal at the matchmaking club.

This is the real Aris Valdran - a lover of root vegetables who enjoys holding roses in the moonlight, undeterred by cold winds as he tends his secret garden amid the wilderness. His favorite quote from Earth (citing alien poetry being considered quite sophisticated in upper-class dinosaur society): "From today onward, be a happy dinosaur - plant, grow, and nurture your future."

"Well then, next..." Satisfied with his completed task, Aris reaches for his drink when he notices his aide's intensifying tremors. "What's wrong with you?"

He recognizes the messenger who brought his drink earlier. While Aris hadn't explicitly dismissed him, surely basic situational awareness should have prompted his exit? Realizing the aide had witnessed all his expressions while filling out the dating profile, Aris's frown deepens.

The messenger's legs shake even more violently.

"Sir... I have... urgent news..." Nearly wetting himself, the poor aide extends a trembling document.

"If it's urgent, why didn't you report immediately instead of silently serving drinks?" Aris's scowl intensifies as he grabs the papers. His slitted pupils dilate dramatically as he reads, and he leaps to his feet.

"An uncharted planet... Its gravitational pull has altered our planned trajectory! You stood here for fifteen minutes with such critical information? Do you realize the size of our ship? Calculate how far we've deviated in those fifteen minutes!"

Aris feels his previous good mood evaporating. He rapidly inputs assembly commands at his console, then pulls back the window screen. Even without telescopes, he can see it - a massive planet looming impossibly close.

Against the dark void of space, the celestial body gleams like a jewel, emanating a pale light. From this proximity, he clearly discerns vast swathes of blue and white - oceans and... glaciers? Beautiful from afar.

Beautiful, but potentially lethal.

"Truly, One bad apple spoils the bunch. It's better to face a strong T-rex enemy than have a weak Centrosaurus teammate," Aris quotes coldly from Earth's literature.

[Note: Aris considers himself a refined gentleman who loves reading. Having developed an appreciation for Earth's inhabitants, he extensively studies their historical documents, personally translating many and adapting terms to fit Megas context.]

"But sir... I am a Centrosaurus..." The messenger's eyes well up. "That's... species discrimination..."

Casting a cold sidelong glance at the small dinosaur, Aris ties back his long hair. "Yes, I'm discriminating against you. Going to report me?"

"No, sir!" The small dinosaur responds with absolute certainty.

"Good. Now inform the others: Three-star soldiers and above report to command in one minute. All others prepare for combat. Supply division - ready food and water provisions. Military division - prepare standard planetary landing exploration equipment. Move out."

After dispatching his orders, Aris adjusts his military uniform and enters the command center adjacent to his office. The sight that greets him nearly prompts an exasperated outburst.

His subordinates have assembled in what can only be described as creative interpretations of military protocol. Some wear half-buttoned uniforms, others display single rank insignias, and a few have even arrived in slippers, carrying their breakfast bowls. The command center has transformed into something resembling a casual weekend gathering.

A pointed clearing of his throat brings immediate silence.

The situation, however, offers little time for proper military decorum. Recent data indicates their ship is being pulled toward the planet's surface by intense gravitational forces. More concerning are the environmental sensors reporting anomalous readings, triggering the highest-level protection protocols—a defensive measure that drains their power reserves twenty times faster than normal operations.

"Our immediate objective is to assemble a twenty-person reconnaissance team for planetary exploration," Aris announces, not waiting for his subordinates to finish reading their newly received reports.

"What?" Senior Instructor Kavora, one of the few dinosaurs bold enough to challenge Aris's decisions, scrutinizes the planet's cloud formation images. "This isn't just any planet—it's covered in ice fields! We could be looking at a planet locked in an ice age. Have we considered the temperature extremes? The atmospheric composition? What about acid precipitation? Need I remind everyone what nearly caused our ancestors' extinction?"

The instructor's impassioned outburst trails off as he catches Aris's steady gaze, but Aris's expression remains neutral.

"Your concern is refreshing, Instructor. At least someone's brain hasn't been entirely overtaken by their physical form—unlike some of our colleagues." Aris's cool glance sweeps across the room, where the others maintain a silence born more of mental vacancy than disciplined restraint.

Confronted with this lack of risk awareness, Aris activates the 3D projector. The technical department's latest simulation materializes in the air.

"If we attempt a full retreat now, this is what happens..." A few keystrokes set the virtual ship in motion, alongside rapidly changing fuel consumption metrics. "We'd

have fifteen minutes of desperate flight after depleting our fuel, and then..."

The simulated ship shudders, twists, and finally disintegrates. The previously indifferent dinosaur soldiers suddenly look considerably less composed, their scales taking on a distinctly paler hue.

"A planetary landing, while risking the conditions Instructor Kavora mentioned, at least offers us extended survival options. Our food reserves, if carefully rationed, could last two months. This would preserve fuel and give us a chance should the magnetic storm subside. Even if we miss our return window, headquarters will likely initiate a search. Is this clear?"

"Yes, sir!" The response comes with renewed focus.

Aris leads his team planetside in protective gear, spearheading the reconnaissance mission. While the others revert to their natural dinosaur forms upon landing, he remains relatively small in his protective suit, though visibly displeased with the constrictive clothing.

Initial atmospheric analysis yields surprising results—the air composition closely matches their home environment, without toxic components. The team removes their breathing apparatus, and the first dinosaur to do so immediately sneezes, sending cascades of snow from nearby trees directly onto Aris. His sharp glare sends the offending subordinate into an apologetic crouch.

Aris takes a careful breath, allowing his sensory organs to adjust to the frigid air that seems capable of freezing blood vessels. The air quality surpasses even that of the Megas star system's pristine regions, filling him with an unexpected sense of exhilaration.

His appreciation for the pristine environment is short-lived. The discovery of advanced communication equipment—technology surpassing even their military's capabilities—suggests previous occupation by a highly advanced civilization. More troubling is the equipment's scale, indicating beings even larger than the largest known dinosaurs in the Megas system.

Aris's tactical assessment is interrupted by a thunderous roar. The ground trembles violently, launching snow into the air. Through the white haze, a massive black figure emerges—obsidian scales, silver eyes, and fearsome teeth.

"Rexomortis," Aris whispers, naming the legendary creature.

The beast's predatory gaze snaps Aris into action. Abandoning hesitation, he transforms, his military uniform shredding as he matches the Rexomortis in size and form.

"Return to the ship!" he commands his subordinates, using his tail to shield them.

Drawing a deep breath, Aris charges toward the towering creature—and then darkness claims him.

Chapter Two

Consciousness returns to Aris in an unfamiliar cave. His initial relief at being alive quickly dissolves as his senses detect the distinctive scent of a Rexomortis—an overwhelming, primal aroma that sends involuntary tremors through his body.

He attempts to leap to his feet, momentarily forgetting his transformed state. The result is an ungraceful collapse onto the cave floor.

A gentle rumble accompanies the tantalizing smell of roasted meat. The Rexomortis—that massive, fierce creature—approaches with an offering of cooked meat. Despite sharing Aris's silver eyes, there's still something untamed in the creature's gaze that puts him on edge.

The thought of eyes makes Aris wince. His contact lenses were lost during the transformation, leaving his natural silver irises exposed. As the last Rexomortis in the Megas system, he had always concealed this trait, avoiding transformation to prevent being treated as a curiosity. Now, after today's events, his secret is likely known to every dinosaur in his command.

After a prolonged staredown, Aris accepts the offered meat, devouring it with uncharacteristic abandon. His host continues to observe him with fascination, prompting Aris to turn away, presenting only his back to those studying eyes.

"More?" he asks bluntly, looking back over his shoulder.

His host disappears briefly, returning with another cut of meat—a variety Aris has never encountered but finds surprisingly delectable.

Satiated at last, Aris settles into a corner of the cave, allowing himself an satisfied burp—a behavior he'd never permit himself in civilized army. The language barrier with his primitive counterpart somehow makes such lapses in etiquette feel permissible.

"What's your name?" Aris attempts conversation, feeling some obligation toward hospitality after the meal.

"I'm Aris, A...R...I...S, Aris" he adds, repeating the question to encourage the other person to introduce themselves.

His "countryman" responds with confusion, then approaches to gently lick away the traces of food from Aris's mouth.

"Stop! What are you—this is hardly proper!" Aris protests as the thorough grooming continues, feeling heat rise beneath his scales before realizing it's merely a natural cleaning gesture.

"Never mind..." He curls his tail around himself in embarrassment, dismissing his host as a simple rural dweller.

Indeed, Aris can't help but classify his newfound companion as provincial—living in a cave, unable to speak standard interplanetary language. What else could one call it? The planet itself shows signs of previous advanced civilization, but whatever culture existed here clearly retreated, perhaps

due to the harsh environment. His host must be among the indigenous population that remained.

"You're really..." Pitiable? Resilient? The words die in his throat.

As the cold begins to seep into his bones, Aris instinctively gravitates toward his host's warmth. The other Rexomortis notices his discomfort and moves to the cave's entrance, though whatever attempts are made at climate control prove ineffective.

His host initiates contact by gently touching Aris's tail—a gesture of friendly investigation that Aris allows. Encouraged, his companion beckons him deeper into the cave.

They proceed into a more secluded chamber where his host enthusiastically arranges soft foliage into a nest, guiding Aris onto the surprisingly comfortable bedding. The leaves prove unexpectedly warm and yielding.

His host begins presenting various items: dried meat, textiles, and finally—something that makes Aris's heart race.

"A perpetual motion engine? Where did you find this?" he exclaims, professional expertise immediately recognizing the device. Its value is immediately apparent—this could be their ticket home.

His "countryman" offers no verbal response, only watching with bright, intelligent eyes.

"Right, you can't speak our..." Aris slumps back down, absently toying with the engine. His self-pity is interrupted as

one, then two, then three more perpetual motion engines appear before him.

Three engines, three different models. Despite his embarrassment at the admission, Aris knows exactly how to use them in conjunction, though he has no idea how to repair or maintain them.

Looking up, he finds his host's eyes practically glowing with anticipation. Aris can't help but smile, and in response, his companion eagerly pushes all three engines into his lap. Aris's acceptance prompts a deep, resonant call of joy from his host.

Though the words are foreign, their meaning is clear—pure happiness.

Then his host moves closer, and closer still...

Aris's eyes widen as he's suddenly bowled over, and then...

He finds himself pinned beneath his enthusiastic companion.

*

Aris's inner monologue

"Aris," he whispers, echoing the name I've been trying to teach.

His eyes open, revealing depths of silver filled with yearning. No more words are needed - I understand exactly what he wants. And I'll give it to him.

We both shift to our human forms. I know why - he's concerned about our first time, given his impressive size in his primary form. The only difference is that I remain clothed (my outfit automatically transforms) while he doesn't. He pushes me back into the warm bed of leaves.

I relax immediately as his instincts take over, surrendering to his inexperienced but earnest guidance. Perhaps we're both new to this. I kiss him, and he responds with a soft sound of pleasure. When I move to straddle his waist, he looks up at me with those silver eyes full of desire.

"You're such a fool," I whisper affectionately, cutting him off as he keeps murmuring my name. His body is firm and strong, yet wonderfully warm. I'm eager to make him mine forever - something I've been searching for all this time.

As our bodies press together, I feel his growing response against me. There's a sense of satisfaction in knowing he wants this as much as I do. I touch his cheek tenderly before reaching behind myself. He lets out a small growl, suddenly flipping our positions.

His voice, low and dominant, sends shivers through me. We shift again, with me lying back on the leaves as he positions himself above me. He wastes no time, he pulls my hard cock out of my military pants and slowly pumped up and down the shaft. I close my eyes and groan with pleasure.

Warm, sticky heat engulfed my cock. I gasp and nearly jump, but manage to stay still, captivated by a hot-as-fuck

dinosaur guy with my dick in his mouth. He looks irresistible with his disheveled hair and eyes sparkling with excitement.

Enchanted, I guide him closer, and get his cock into my mouth, eager to show him how it's done.

I start slowly but pick up speed as his dick begins to pulse with need. Unable to contain his pleasure, his fingers grasp the leaves around us, carefully restraining his strength while remaining gentle.

"You're close," I whisper.

I suck hard and move quickly back and forth. He moans and gently holds my head, struggling to maintain his composure as waves of pleasure wash over him.

Finally, he reaches his peak, spilling his seed down my throat. I take it all in, and when he pulls away, I make a big show of swallowing it whole. The sight alone immediately reignites his passion.

"Aris," he stares at me, already getting hard again.

"That was just the tutorial," I tease. "Now it's your turn to demonstrate." I bite my lip in anticipation.

"Please," I plead. "I need you inside me... I've never felt like this before."

He grips my waist and eases the head of his dick to my entrance. I'm more than ready. The sensation of heat and wetness against his cock makes me shiver, requiring all my willpower to stay quiet.

His hands explore me thoroughly, each touch drawing out more sighs of pleasure. My responses only encourage him further.

"Faster," I murmur.

He growls.

"You fool, faster!" I demand.

His grip tightens as he obliges. Everything feels perfect, natural, as if meant to be. We cry out in shared ecstasy. Never in my life has anything felt so right, so complete.

Our bed of leaves is filled with the sounds of our passion and the scent of our mingled sweat. His movements become increasingly urgent and deep. His vocalizations tell me he's enjoying this as much as I am.

We reach our peak together in a moment of pure bliss, collapsing afterward into a happy, breathless tangle of limbs.

*

On the second day, after emerging from their passionate haze, Aris reverts to his usual self.

"I was a pure dinosaur, and you - you just pounced without even saying hello! A bunch of plants and some worn-out items were all it took? My first time was supposed to be on a grand bed covered in roses!"

Ever since regaining consciousness, Aris has been berating his partner for just as long. For a dinosaur who just concluded an intense day-and-night battle that ended his

purity - well, it's worth noting that Aris's stamina is quite impressive.

He continues ranting until his throat runs dry. Only then does he accept the snow water his partner offers as a peace offering, followed by some carefully preserved dried meat. Finally, Aris's anger subsides. He evaluates his partner from head to toe, his gaze ultimately landing on the lower region. Aris accepts his fate with resignation.

Though not particularly endearing, that impressive attribute certainly contributed to their passionate encounter's intensity - simultaneously lifting him to heaven and hell.

After careful consideration, Aris promptly claims all authority over the mountain cave. Obviously - if the cave's master belongs to him, shouldn't everything inside belong to him too?

While proudly taking inventory of his new possessions, Aris discovers a translucent gemstone among the debris - one that had gone extinct on Megas. This treasure somehow escaped Tharix's notice - he even named his compatriot. This fool had been using it as a mere doorstop. What a provincial thing to do.

Still, under Aris's guidance, Tharix will surely transform into a sophisticated, metropolitan dinosaur! Aris firmly believes this, but... This plan can only begin once they manage to leave this forsaken place.

This planet is dying.

Fay Serena

Over the past two days, based on his observations, he's reached this conclusion. Resources grow scarcer, food becomes more limited. Tharix can't hunt successfully every day. The meat they've been eating is likely all of his long-term stored provisions. Tharix hasn't eaten meat for days - when Aris caught him secretly eating leaves behind his back, Aris's eyes welled up with tears.

There are no other dinosaurs left here. Dinosaurs typically hunt large prey, yet Tharix has resorted to catching mice. Heaven knows how someone his size manages to catch such tiny creatures.

"I'll get us out of here. We'll definitely leave," Aris had said with unusual gentleness after witnessing Tharix eating leaves. That tenderness, predictably, led to another passionate encounter.

Lost in their honeymoon period, Aris finally remembers the dinosaur from the battleship, after Tharix excitedly brought back the captured Kavora to their cave.

When they meet again, wide eyes lock with narrow ones.

"Y-young commander! Am I dead? Is this hell? How else could I see you again? Oh~! Even though you were always fierce, I respected you so much! Oh~! What an unjust death you had!" Kavora sobs, a mess of tears and snot.

"You're the one who's dead!" Aris snaps, his human face rarely seen these days looking frosty. Though internally, he

feels guilty - these past two days, he'd completely forgotten about everyone else.

Well, being newly in love is a rare occasion... it can be forgiven.

In the end, Kavora has survived. Noticing Kavora's plump figure, Tharix licks his lips with a regretful expression. Kavora hurriedly offers his personal compressed food supplies, which finally draws Tharix's gaze away.

Taking his preferred items first, Aris generously gives the leftovers to Tharix, then begins questioning his subordinate about what happened during his absence.

As Aris suspected, this planet is indeed dying. A highly advanced civilization once flourished here, but for unknown reasons, the environment changed dramatically, ushering in an ice age. Many inhabitants perished. Now, besides cockroaches, fleas, and mice, it seems only Tharix remains, eating leftovers behind him.

The conclusion is clear: they must escape. They absolutely must leave this planet.

"But the battleship's power is insufficient - our perpetual engine is destroyed, and damn it, we have no one to repair it!" Kavora hangs his head dejectedly.

"Weren't there repair crew members?" Aris raises an eyebrow.

"They were eaten! Without you on the ship, everything fell into chaos. I barely escaped." Kavora grows even more dejected.

After exchanging words with Tharix, regardless of whether he understands, Aris walks out of the mountain cave, knowing Tharix will follow.

Before them stretches an expanse of white snow. For the first time, he realizes death's color isn't red - it's white.

The moment Aris appears, the chaos stops.

Of course! Wherever Aris points, Tharix grabs the rebellious dinosaur leaders in his jaws, and how could the remaining dinosaurs not fall in line?

The remaining problem is the perpetual engine. Tharix had brought one from his cave, but its shape was wrong. Having never studied diligently in school and relying solely on combat for promotion, Young Commander Aris is at a loss.

"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." Aris recalls an Earth proverb.

Still, at least he's no longer pure - he's found love. Oh... Aris thinks dreamily, when suddenly before him appears... a perpetual engine?

"Ah..." Aris realizes that somehow, Tharix is holding out a perpetual engine - one whose familiar appearance matches their battleship's.

In this desperate situation, Aris experiences a rare mixture of wanting to laugh and cry: surely this fool hadn't destroyed the ship's engine thinking Aris liked perpetual engines as gifts?

"I... this one's broken." Not wanting to discourage Tharix, Aris changes his approach, gesturing to explain that it's broken, no good, won't work anymore.

Tharix blinks several times, hugs the engine, turns away briefly, then returns with it, presenting it to Aris again.

"Look, I told you it's broken, broken means... Oh! It works?!" Seeing the small green light on the perpetual engine glow again, Aris's eyes nearly pop out.

Looking at the functioning engine, then at Tharix's expectant face beside him, this time his gaze evaluates Tharix as if seeing a prehistoric wonder!

That dizzy joy persists until Tharix reinstalls the engine, the battleship's energy floods back, and they take off... Until they break through the magnetic storm layer, Aris reassesses Tharix standing beside him with curiosity.

So the country bumpkin is actually a brilliant technician.

Much later, after Tharix learns the Megas system language, Aris discovers that the white planet once possessed highly advanced technology. Their over-reliance on technology led to the inhabitants' physical deterioration.

When disaster suddenly struck, most dinosaurs perished. Only Tharix's parents, belonging to a Rexomortis branch, survived. True to their reputation as the strongest dinosaurs , they persisted through harsh conditions for generations, until only Tharix remained.

"I found half a laboratory in a cave, full of interesting things," Tharix later explains about his learning. He had been lonely, not knowing why he studied those strange things, just passing time. Until he met Aris.

But that's a story for another time. Now, the white planet slowly recedes into the distance.

Seeing Tharix's somber expression beside him, Aris strokes his tail.

"In a few hundred million years, this place will be beautiful again."

But we'll be gone by then... Aris reads the answer in Tharix's eyes.

"It's okay, our descendants will be here. They'll watch over everything for us, darling. I'm pregnant." Aris suddenly smiles, with rare shyness in his expression. "Can we name it Darien? That's also this planet's name."

Looking at Aris's smile, Tharix blinks, then bends down to lick him affectionately.

The end